

Christian Reflector.

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The Christian Reflector.

[From our Correspondent.]
Letters from the South-West, No. 3.

Five climate—Moonlight Night—Indian Corn—Appearance of the Fields—Negro Quarters—The Negro—Charles—The Slave.

MIDDLETON, MS., CAROL COUNTY.
"Twice in the brightest, the fairest time,
But 'tis a hard and thankless life to lead."
Ma. Editor.—This is a glorious climate; the very land from whence your soft southern breezes come. It is also healthy, unless there be local cause for disease. Get rid of the swamps and decaying vegetation, and there is no more danger of sickness here than on the greenest hills of New England. From March till July, the atmosphere is soft and balmy, unequalled by any thing I have ever before experienced. And again, from the 1st of Oct. until Christmas, nothing can exceed the beauty of the climate. The loveliness of the sky cannot be rivalled. Through April, all day long, not a single cloud can be seen. The heavens have a deeper blue than ever a "Yankee" dreamed of, who has not been out of the land of the Pilgrims. As one gazes upon the tranquil, sunny sky, and feels the soft breath of spring coming upon him, in this climate, for the first time, he will have a new chapter to write in the history of his emotions.

There is a rare beauty in the sparkling moonlight of a winter's night in New England; and as the slight breeze over the drifted snows, the heart thrills with emotions, raised by the beauty of the scene. Above, the stars are sparkling and flashing; beneath, the snow is glistening in the serene stillness. But it cannot compare with the soft beauty of an evening here. There is something so gentle and bewitching in the moonlight. It comes down on one like the breath of spirits. It bathes him in mild effulgence, gives peaceful, satisfying emotions to his soul, and causes the most pleasing sensations to steal over his whole frame. It is here that Fernando de Soto sought for the fabled spring which was to give the health and vigor of youth to all ages, and finally caught the universal destroyer death out of his victims.

Did you ever, Mr. Editor, in your boyish days, sit in your room, of a bright evening, and looking out upon the heavens and stars, wish—might have been a foolish wish—but wish you were afar off in some bright spot where imagination builds her castles and creates her gorgeous visions? Well, this is the very place where you would have gone, and upon just such a night as this.

I have just been out to measure a "brag hill" of corn. The top of the stalk wants an inch of sixteen feet in height. We have tall—don't shake your head, it's true—we have tall corn here. Nothing exceeds the facility with which they "make" the article. About the field of February they drive a plow through the field, drop the corn along the furrow, turn another furrow upon it, and it is planted. Usually it is hoed, sometimes not. In this way, they raise immense quantities of corn. Their bread is mostly of corn. This is their staff of life, especially for the negroes. Notwithstanding the luxuriance of vegetation, the fields generally have a gloomy, desolate appearance. This arises principally from the fact that there is no green sword, but partly also from their manner of clearing the land. In the spring, they "girdle" the trees, i. e. cut round the trunk through the bark. The trees die, but stand leafless and sapless, year after year, till they drop away piece meal. Thus the fields look most sad and dreary, covered with these murdered old giants, which lift their naked trunks to the sky, and hear aloft their gaunt and shattered branches, as if imploring vengeance upon their slayers, or deprecating the storms.

The traveller, as he goes along the lonely roads, will sometimes pass by hundreds of acres cleared in this way. Not a single house in sight. Not a green hill or grass plot to be seen. Not a single human being or moving thing to be heard. Nothing but vast, almost boundless cotton or cornfields spread out around him. And as he thus travels, surrounded by solitude, and looks upon these mutilated, abused old trees, he will think of the poor Indian—of Capt. John Smith—of the Pilgrims. He will sigh, as he thinks how fit an emblem are these decayed and wasted forest trees, of the free wild race who once dwelt beneath their branches. He will almost wish that the May Flower had never crossed the Atlantic, and that Capt. John Smith had fallen beneath the stroke of the Turkish champaign.

The negro, or as more usually pronounced, the "nigger quarters" are generally at one extremity of these clearings, or "diggins," as they are very appropriately termed. They consist of a number of cabins, usually of logs, sufficient to contain all the families employed on the plantation; among these the overseer's house is always included. The character of these quarters is various, depending entirely upon the disposition and ability of the proprietor. Sometimes they are neat and comfortable, built with a wooden frame and white-washed. But often, especially back in the fields, they are filthy in the extreme, and scarce afford shelter from the winds and storms. Here, you will find, at all hours of the day, troops of black children playing in the dirt, with the pigs and puppies. They are frequently half clad, perhaps more fre-

quently naked entirely. The negroes work in the most indolent, slovenly manner, and as is to be expected, do but little more than half what an able bodied farmer does at the North. Their life is that of the brute. They have no thought for the morrow. With them, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. When let loose from their toil, their troubles are all over. They sing and dance, eat, drink and sleep, until the next morning summons them to the drudgery of another day. Then come the hoe, the tuskmaster, the lash; and thus till night. This is their routine of life, with the exception of the Sunday's frolic. Most of them have no consciousness of their degradation, little care for the present, no anxiety for the future. To this, however, there are exceptions. On some, a sense of their condition presses with the weight of a mountain, and the dark, hopeless future rises before them with visions of terror and anguish. They might bear their own condition. The wrongs, the indignities, the moral darkness, and the brutal outrages of lust and passion—all these they could endure; but must their children have the yoke put upon them?—must they grow up brutes, live brutes, and die as the beasts die? With this thought the cup of their bitterness is filled. They see themselves helpless, hopeless. Then comes on a paroxysm of rage. Thoughts of retribution and vengeance fill the mind. The fists are clenched, the teeth set, every nerve stretched to the utmost, and if there were but power to match the will, what a fearful fate would overtake the oppressor. But they are powerless, are chattels. Their arms fall nerveless, and they tremble. Then follow the wringing of hands, the resignation to fate, the despair, the sigh and the tears that give relief. This is not a sketch of the fancy. It is real, although perhaps not common. There are those who feel it all, who feel beyond the power of description, or even of conception.

The man with whom I heard has a favorite "boy, Charles," who has uncommon strength of mind, and a power of mental application and endurance which few possess. By improving odd moments, and studying nights, he has learned to read; and by fixing his really powerful mind upon the subjects presented in his reading, he has acquired a discipline of mind, which is by no means dispicable. He will often argue a doctrinal point in Scripture, with a degree of correctness and power of logic which many a very decently educated man can never display. Indeed, I have seen him come off victorious over an opponent, who could boast a white skin, and even the real genuine, unmixed Anglo Saxon blood, and who called no man master. He is a Virginian. He was born, brought up and married in Virginia. He was sold, taken from his labor and children, and driven to the South to work on the plantations of Mississippi. He feels what it is to be a slave. He often comes to my room to talk with me. At first, he would not speak to me, but after a while, and with the utmost propriety of expression, and in the most respectful manner, ask questions, and I was surprised at the correctness of his notions, and used frequently to invite him to come in and have a talk with me. He did so, and we soon formed a real friendship. Although it was with considerable difficulty that I could make him believe that the earth is round, and that she turns upon her axis, yet I found that his views of the atonement, of justification and of practical religion, though not always correct, were quite consistent with themselves, and often not so far in the wrong as those of many a theologian of much greater pretensions. Upon his neck the yoke sits most heavily. He will ask me questions, hour after hour, about the North. How do the free negroes live there? Have they got houses? Do they have to work hard? What sort of work do they do? Can they read?—have they got books? &c. When I told him that in the North the negroes have schools, and educate their children, he would hardly believe me. Thoughts of freedom and independence are constantly in his mind. He sometimes asks, half way between a suggestion and question, "Would you let me carry me home, and if I couldn't pay for myself when I got there? Then he will exclaim, "O, how I should feel, if I was free!" The other day, as he was telling me, that if I would buy him and carry him to the North, he would certainly pay me for himself as soon as he could earn the money, I asked him if he would be willing to leave his wife and children. "Yes," says he, "I had a wife and children in Old Virginia. I loved 'em a heap, but they carried me off away from 'em, and now I'll leave 'em too."

Here is a man, a favorite servant, a mechanic, whose life is absolutely easy. One who has enough to eat, and drink, and wear, who has plenty of time to sleep and be refreshed, who has not for years felt the lash, and whose condition is better than that of one slave in a thousand; and yet his life is wasting away, his spirits consuming, and his form actually sinking to the grave; and why? He's a slave, that's all. Such is "Charles," a man, a man with all the powers and faculties of other men, possessing all the cherished hopes and intense desires of the human soul, and capable of appreciating the highest pursuits of human life. What must be the anguish that tortures his heart, preys upon his spirits and consumes the very life within him, as he knows that every upstart urchin with a white skin may claim it as a right by inheritance to abuse him and his children, in whatever way whim may dictate? Mr. Editor, it is not a pleasant thing to be a slave. If any one thinks it is, let him try it, by imagining himself in the place of Charles. But such is by no means the character of the American slave. Usually, he is ignorant, stupid, vicious. Why shouldn't he be? Why shouldn't he lie? He has had no moral instruction. Why shouldn't he steal? He has never heard of the decalogue.

He is qualified. Slaves sometimes hear preaching. But it does little or no good. They are not prepared to hear preaching. They can't read, can't think. Their instruction begins where it should end. Preaching is the last method by which they should be

taught. They must first learn to read. They must be instructed in the Sabbath school, and taught to think. Till that is done, they have no consistent views of faith or practice. They may hear a dozen sermons, and not be a whit the wiser or better. True, they have religious feeling, perhaps real devotion. But it is impossible that their practice should be consistent with religion. You can secure them more of an idea of regeneration than you could give to a brute. Why should you expect it? They can't reason. They must be prepared for instruction, as we prepare children. How will you enlighten the stupid ignorance of an old negro, whose utmost sagacity has never yet equalled the first and most simple truths? Think he would be edified by a sermon? Besides, instruction will never do any man good, so long as all his energies are exhausted in endless drudgery, and every moment of leisure required for relaxation and amusement. No man will think, whilst his body is jaded and absolutely used up with hard work, and his mind paralyzed and deadened by a ceaseless routine of duties which never take him from the field and the hut. Then why should the negro?

Involuntary Sensations.

Danger of resting upon involuntary sensations as the basis of a Holy Life.

The idea and feeling have become widely diffused, that religion both in its inception and its progress, depends upon a definite condition of the involuntary tastes and sensations, rather than upon the action of the will in view of reason and truth. The effect is to relieve the conscience of sinners of obligation to an immediate exercise of the obedience of faith, and to lead them to wait till God exerts upon them an influence which is wholly above and beyond the scope of their voluntary powers. And those who suppose themselves to have become Christians under such influence, enter upon the duties of a new life, with principles and impressions that are almost sure to bring on a speedy relapse into sin. From the nature of the human mind, sensations must necessarily be born with an unsteady and inconstant flame, and the unsteadiness will be proportioned to the intensity of emotion. The more intense the more fluctuating, and the less intense, the less fluctuating; this is the general rule from which there may be occasional exceptions.

When, therefore, emotion is made the basis on which to build the fabric of faith and a holy life, what can we expect but a result like that of building on a basis of quicksand, or upon the ever-varying surface of the ocean? To-day our fabric will rise, and to-morrow it will sink; to-day it will loom up in its magnificent proportions like a ship that through the magic illusions of the atmosphere seems hanging in the clouds, and to-morrow it lies at the bottom of the sea. The Christian who is thus built, is hardly burnt with greater ardor than some Christians do on one occasion, and a devil would seem incapable of the meanness and abominations which we see in them on another. And indeed, these elements of involuntary sensation enter so largely into the very constitution and course of existing piety, that what is called conversion has ceased to afford any tolerable degree of security to a holy life. They are conversions, not to holy living, but to a definite order of excited sensations, and which those who experience them, are now to luxuriate as the end of their faith and their piety. And I shall never forget the humiliating confession of a deacon of large business connections, and also of much experience in revivals, that he had failed to realize from conversion, the change in men's characters which he had anticipated. If a man was loose, unscrupulous and underserving of confidence in his business transactions before, he was so after, and his substantial basis of character was the same, abating the new cast which it had assumed from an outward cloak of religion.

This inefficient character of conversions is owing, to a great extent, I conceive, to the widely diffused theological dogma, that a definite condition of the involuntary sensations is the basis of saving faith. Whereas it is the business of faith to overcome the world, to conquer and control the sensations, and bring them to that ideal of excellence which invites them to imitate in the truth of the gospel. The standard and foundation of our personal religion is not within but without, not in the fact that we have such a definite class of emotions, but that we have such a Saviour, to whom to look, such promises on which to rest, such doctrines to invite our confidence, and such a rule of life to which to conform our every purpose, feeling and action. Our thoughts must go outward and upward, instead of clustering around our emotions, and God and duty must fill the orb of our vision, instead of what we feel to-day, felt yesterday, or hope to feel to-morrow. The notion that piety has its foundation and its life in a definite condition of the sensations, instead of well-doing, is as false to the gospel as it is disastrous to character and conduct. It accords no credit to the gospel as embodying in itself the energy necessary to the salvation of any soul who shall earnestly resign himself to its leading; but only as embodying this energy occasionally, and to particular individuals. It is not like mother earth that invites her sons at all times to the cultivation of her soil, but the promise that seed time and harvest shall be to the end of the world; but rather like the pool of Bethesda, whose healing virtues are only occasional, and then can be efficacious to none but the first that leaps in the mysterious waters. And it seems singular how guilt should be imputed to any for failing of a cure, since no one can know absolutely what is the fortunate juncture, or whether he is the happy individual with reference to whom this remedial provision was made.

I do not speak of any particular system of sectarian doctrines, to the exclusion of others; for the impression is a general one, that sinners must feel the impulsive force of involuntary but deeply excited and powerful emotions, that shall conquer the will and leave it at option as to the course to be pursued—Christians

in the attitude of waiting, prayer and expectation for the involuntary gust to sweep along, believing it necessary that God should exert an extraordinary power, for the purpose of kindling these overwhelming sensations, before sinners themselves can do anything towards breaking off their sins by righteousness and their iniquities by turning to the Lord. Hence, all that is voluntary in the process, both of conversion and holy living, is thrown back upon a mysterious agency, that looks upon all the essential characteristics of a miracle. And the consequence is, that religion has come to be spoken of as a thing to be "experienced," as a man experiences a fever or any other event above the reach of his agency.

Some years ago, the writer was called out at eleven o'clock at night, to visit a man of athletic frame, and naturally of a strong, though uneducated mind, who had for years given himself up to the excessive use of intoxicating drinks. The family nurse, a poor one, was all that remained of religion, and none more so than the son-in-law who came to call for his services. In our ride of a mile or two through the dark, I inquired what he supposed to be the condition of his father-in-law's mind, and whether he thought him converted or sin. He answered, "I don't know, but I hope to God he is." When I reached the house, I soon saw that it was a horrible case of delirium tremens, and that though the poor man's emotions were deeply stirred, he was not likely to become a better man. But the notion of this side-minded son-in-law, that religion begins in this way, and that his father-in-law gave some evidence of being in a religious fit which might make him a better man, has always struck me as an exact reflection of the theological dogma of which we speak.

When we consider the extent of influence which notions like these exert, both within and without the pale of the church, therefore, as if a fit of religion were like a fit of delirium tremens, and was not the voluntary action of an intelligent mind with a view to reasonable motives, and its effect to annihilate active endeavor towards a holy life, it is wonderful that we should have as many converts as we have, or that they should manifest as much constancy in their religion as they do. It only proves that man's sense of duty is entrenched behind fortresses that protect it against the assaults of false notions and an unnatural fear. So great is the affinity of truth to his nature, that, like a healing nostrum it will do its work, however intermixed with foreign ingredients. But if the notions of which we speak, have not wholly obstructed the course of salvation, they have greatly retarded it, and have acted like poison upon the converts to enfeeble their energies and prevent their growth.

We must not be understood to deprecate emotion and emotion in religion. No, it cannot exist without them. We must be slain by the objects of desire, and then we must be made alive by Christ, or thrown into entirely new channels of feeling, excitement and consolation, a revolution that can never take place without a powerful shock to the sensibilities. Hell and damned spirits may act their infernal tragedies on the theatre of the passions, as in the case of Bunyan, whose spiritual and divine life grew up amid the most horrible contortions of feeling, and the hideous orgies of devils intent upon their work of ruin; and whose escape from these direful scenes was followed by the ever-shining suns and ever-singing birds of the land of Beulah, where the graces charmed their enraptured symphonies in his delighted ear, and heaven thronged around him in his exalting odors, and his undying joys. A religion without passion, emotion! the thing is impossible. But there is a difference wide as heaven from earth, between making the sensations the basis of action, and that of resting upon God's truth and essaying the obedience of faith on the ground of its rightness. All right feeling is consequent upon such an endeavor, instead of the endeavor being consequent upon the feeling. This is true of piety in its inception, and of piety in all its stages, till its consummation in glory. We must battle our recurrent emotions, and bring them to the truth of the gospel; we must endeavor every grace and every virtue the moment it is presented to our view, and thus we must stand in the evil day, and have done all, to stand.

I would say to any and every sinner who is waiting for sensations more favorable to the commencement of a life of religion than those which he at present has, sir, this attitude of mind is a lure of the devil to drown your soul in destruction and perdition. You never can be religious from the mere force of involuntary emotions controlling your will. No, should you be favored with such emotions to-day, and you should so far obey their impulses as to begin the work, they might subside to-morrow, and, having no remaining impulse of action, there your work would end. And besides, an obedience that looks within yourself for its basis, or to what you happen for the moment to feel, instead of looking to the grounds of duty as they exist in things and in the word of God, and to Christ with whom is both our pattern and our strength for continued right action, even while it lasts, is no obedience at all. You might go to the grave loaded with such acts of duty as these, and yet sink to hell at last. My friend, let me tell you, you must begin just as you are, and in the strength of the Lord God Omnipotent, nerve your voluntary powers for a desperate resistance to emotion, when it stands in the way of known obligations, for continuous right action even in the absence of all sensible emotion, and for a superiority to servile dependence on emotion, even when it lends its favoring gales to waft you forward in the course of your duty. The attitude of the voluntary powers is the sole basis of those sensations which are of the least value in religion, instead of being itself dependent on them, as some of our prevailing dogmas would represent. And, as I would thus address a sinner, so I would a professor of religion. I would say to him, my dear brother, you mistake in making your involuntary tastes and sensations the foundation of your religion. If you was so foolish as to

defer the commencement of the work till you was driven to it by their impulsive force, you ought now to learn that your business as a Christian is to bring them into captivity to Christ. Remember, my brother, you stand pledged to do the whole will of God. It is happy to feel like doing it, and to be borne forward by the favoring influences of excited emotion; but to feel and to do are two things. The one is to a great extent beyond the reach of your agency, the feelings not being at all times and in all respects obedient to the decisions of the will. But the other involves only what is within the scope of your will, because God mercifully suits his commands to our ability. Seeing feeling is sometimes recalcitrant, will you not, my brother, try the effect of just simply doing what you know will please God? Remember when you go here or there, you have nothing before you but to exert every voluntary power in accordance with known duty. How often may you think of you, how you may happen to feel for the moment, how your interest or your favorite plan of life may be effected, or what it is that man may do, is no part of your concern. Jesus says, "What is that to thee, follow thou me." O what simplicity of aim shall we acquire, by having nothing before us but to do and to suffer the will of God! What a perfect remedy against all distraction of mind and all unquiet fear! Perfect love, which is the same as perfect obedience, casteth out fear. Thus, by giving up our happiness for our duty, and losing our lives, we shall gain both happiness and life, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus. "And the very God of peace justify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." P. C.

New York State Baptist Antislavery Society.

A meeting of the above society was held on the morning (Wednesday) of the annual meeting, of the State Convention, in Syracuse, Oct. 18th, 1843, when, a large number being present, Bro. A. C. Kingsley, of Monroe, was appointed Chairman, and Bro. C. N. Chandler, of Elba, and E. Canfield, of Clyde, Clerks. Prayer by Bro. H. K. Stimson.

The following brethren were appointed a Committee on Resolutions: E. Galusha, H. K. Stimson, and W. Walker. While the committee were absent, addresses were given by Bro. Montague of Penn Yan, Minors of Troupsburg, Williams of Wheatland, Glenville of Venice, Smith of Homer, Nickerson of Casenovia, and Mitchell of Clyde.

sented the following resolutions, which were accepted and taken up by course.

1. Resolved, That the sentiments which we have heretofore expressed, respecting the character of American slavery, are confirmed, by our painful observation of its blighting influences, upon the piety of the churches, and the patriotism of the state.

2. Resolved, That we have no hope of the purification of the former, or the salvation of the latter, without the entire overthrow of that God-provoking and soul-crushing system.

3. Resolved, That the clear and indubitable indications of Divine Providence, give us assurance, that the death of slavery or the doom of our country is at the door, and what we do to avert the impending ruin must be done immediately.

4. Resolved, That the pulpit, the religious press, and the prayers and discipline of the churches, are the great moral means on which we must rely, under God, for the removal of this withering curse.

5. Resolved, That in our opinion the time has come in which every church in the land ought to bear its testimony against the sin of slavery, by refusing to admit slaveholders to their pulpits and communion.

6. Whereas, the silent co-operation of individuals with a public body, is regarded as express approbation of its doings, and whereas the A. B. Home Mission Society, embracing as its field the whole of North America, sends her missionaries into the slave holding territories of the United States and Texas, where it is customary to baptize individuals and build up churches adhering to the system of human chattelship, and the missionaries in those sections may now be practising or may hereafter practise the same, and whereas, we believe it a violation of the law of nature, the law of God, and the spirit of Christ, for man to assume the right of property in his brother man, both created alike in the image of their common Father, and endowed by him with the same inalienable rights, an act which we dare not tolerate, and whereas we cannot continue our co-operation with the A. B. Home Mission Society, and at the same time, keep a "conscience void of offence towards God and man," therefore

Resolved, That we hereby and forever enter our solemn protest against said missionaries baptizing adhering slaveholders, and building up slaveholding churches, while acting under the direction and sanction of the A. B. of Home Missions. And we hereby declare to the world that if said missionaries shall so practise or said Board allow them to practise, we will not share the least responsibility of either in the premises, but as in duty bound will bear our perpetual testimony against the same, so that our co-operation with the Board and Society in other respects may be distinctly understood, as not implying our sanction of their acts in regard to slavery, and as not involving us in the guilt thereof.

7. Resolved, That we will act on the same principle in regard to all other benevolent institutions.

8. Whereas, an able and judicious ministering brother has offered his services to the slaveholding and slaveholding population of the South, therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the A. B. of Home Missions his immediate appointment to that important field.

9. Resolved, That we highly approve the course adopted by Bro. H. A. Graves, Editor of the Christian Reflector, and recommend its general circulation. We also recommend to the editors of all our religious periodicals the adoption of a similar course.

10. Resolved, That every individual believes that slavery is a sin against God and man, which ought not to be recognized in the pulpit or at the communion table as consistent with Christian character, is entitled to all the privileges of this convention as regular members.

The 1st resolution was adopted without remark.

The 2d, taken up and spoken to by Bro. Stowell of Knowlville, Stimson of Warsaw, Noble of Fayetteville, Backus of Auburn, Montague, Galusha of Lockport, Loring of Salisbury, Going of Hinsdale, and Crumb of Syracuse, was passed.

The 3d, was taken up and passed.

Speaker Bro. Noble.

The 4th, also, spoken to by Bro. Galusha, and Smith of Skaneateles. Laid on the table. Adjourned till 1-2 past 4 P. M.

Met pursuant to adjournment. Prayer by Bro. Spoon, of Nunda. 4th Resolution called up, spoken to by Bro. Stimson, and passed.

5th resolution adopted. Speakers, Mitchell, Stimson, Montague, Galusha, and Wheeler of Fleming, Purinton of Fuxton, Byrwater of Franklinville, and Burlingame of Mendon.

10th resolution was here adopted.—The 6th was called up. Speakers, Noble, Stone of Mt. Morris, Galusha, Williams, Bowen, of Mt. Morris.

Clerks under the necessity of leaving. Bro. Stowell appointed Clerk. Adjourned till 8 o'clock to-morrow.

Met pursuant to adjournment. Prayer by Bro. Glenville.

6th resolution called for, and, after a few remarks, passed. The 9th was adopted. Speakers, Delano of Benton, Galusha, Williams, and Stilwell of Baldwinville.

Remainder passed. Voted to publish the proceedings in the Reflector, and Baptist Register.

A committee, consisting of Bro. Leach, Galusha, Williams and Noble, appointed proper. Adjourned. Prayer by Bro. Galusha.

A. C. KINGSLEY, Moderator.
C. N. CHANDLER, Clerks.
A. H. STOWELL, Clerks.

The following names were handed in as assenting to the 6th Resolution, and willing to be known as such publicly, O. Montague, E. Galusha, J. Justin, E. G. Greenfield, B. Crandall, H. Miner, G. Williams, P. Taylor, R. D. Pierce, A. Thoop, P. Reed, A. C. Kingsley, A. H. Stowell, S. S. Hayward, L. B. King, D. D. Chittenden, J. Cowin, S. S. Whitman, J. M. Shaw, D. Foot, P. Wooden, A. P. Mather, A. Whitman, A. Haskell, J. G. Stearns, C. P. Sheldon, E. Canfield, J. E. Maxwell, A. T. Holmes, P. Lyon.

True Churchmanship.

Let any person but keep close to God, the creed, and the commandments, believe those things which Scripture hath made necessary to be believed, and do those things which Scripture hath made necessary to be done, and he is under no manner of obligation to inquire what any church on earth think fit to believe or do besides. Many opinions may be true and useful; many practices may be innocent and edifying; but nothing can be matter of necessity, except what Christ and his Apostles have required as terms of salvation. Every person that complies with these is a true Christian; every church that teaches these is a true church; and neither ignorance nor error about any other matters can forfeit our title to everlasting life. When once we are baptized, and do such and such things, and you shall be saved, who is it that shall dare to say, "Believe and do more, or you shall not be saved?"—Porteus.

Trials of the Ministry.

Much is said, in this day, of a minister's trials; they are great and peculiar. That which aggravates them all is a sense of insecurity which he constantly feels. His salary barely supports him, and he is liable to be turned off at any time. How many ministers there are in the country who are depressed in spirits when they think of the future. A dependent old man in New England once said to me, "what put me on a course of accumulation was the fear of a dependent old age." I have thought much of his remark. Few people are willing that a minister should lay up any thing—if they give him a good salary, they will take care that he spend it all among them. Ministers are perplexed and embarrassed by a gossiping spirit in the congregation who are always running to the minister with every remark that is dropped by the imprudent or evil-minded. This keeps him in a state of irritation. He is filled with secret distress, and is often provoked to say things

for which he is sorry. A well-written tract on false-doings would do great good. We shall find Deans in every place who are watching to betray us. If a minister resolves to say nothing, he is put down as morose and unsocial—if he express his mind freely, every remark is perverted and misapplied. Diligence in duty is the only way to avoid these evils. Activity in a minister will awake up a similar spirit in the people. It is the indolent only who make most of the trouble in churches. Ministers ought to be humble, praying men. Every morning a humble ought to cry at their study-door: Seeketh thou great things for thyself? I say unto thee, seek them not.

Let the people pray more for their minister, and he will preach better, and live better.

Recorder.

Power of the Memory.

In distinguished men the thorough awakening and vigorous exertion of the mind has more to do with their eminence than is generally thought. In most men the intellectual energies slumber, or are but half put forth. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Rome, relates some anecdotes of the eminent linguist Cardinal Mezzafanti, which illustrate this truth. Mezzafanti is able to speak 32 languages. The Pope attributes his extraordinary powers in this respect to miraculous aid. A friend of the Cardinal's informed the writer that he took the same view of the case; which, with the circumstances mentioned below, shows that his powers as a linguist did probably receive, when extraordinary exertion was demanded, a remarkable impulse and development.

He states that when an obscure priest, in the North of Italy, he was called one day to confess two foreigners condemned for piracy, who were to be executed the next day. On entering their cell he found them unable to understand a word he uttered. Overwhelmed with the thought that the criminals should leave this world without the benefits of religion, he returned to his room resolved to acquire their language before morning. He accomplished his task, and the next day confessed them in their own tongue. From that time on, he says, he had no difficulty in mastering the most difficult language. The purity of his motive in the first place, he thinks, influenced the Deity to assist him miraculously. A short time since a Swede, who could speak a patois peculiar to a certain province of Sweden, called on him and addressed him in that dialect. Mezzafanti had never heard it before, and seemed very much interested. He invited him to call on him often, which he did, while the conversation invariably turned on this dialect. At length the Swede calling one day, heard himself, to his amazement, addressed in this difficult patois. He inquired, for he thought, he said, there was no man in Rome who could speak that one, he replied, "but yourself—I never forget a word I hear once."

Preaching to the Conscience.

The following is an extract from the sermon preached before the Boston Baptist Association, at its last anniversary, by Rev. Bradley Miner, of Dorchester.

Conscience recognizes the authority of the word of God, and of the ministerial office. The truth is the word of God; and the minister of the gospel is appointed to proclaim that truth, is the ambassador for Christ. The minister as a man, may be no more than other men. But as a preacher of the gospel, he is the voice of God, as though God did beseech men by him. And the consciences of men recognize this authority. What heathen nation has not its sacred writings, and its priests, or ministers of religion? Their consciences could not be satisfied without. In this respect the Catholic priests have a great advantage over us. They withhold the word of God from the people, teach them error for truth, and then control the darkness, perverted consciences of their hearers. The great secret of their influence, is their power over the consciences of the deluded people. And if the authority of the ministerial office enables them, in preaching error, to gain such ascendancy over the consciences of their hearers; what might it not do for us, if, in preaching truth, we commended ourselves to men's consciences, as the ambassadors for Christ?

My brethren, we are the successors of the apostles, the "ambassadors for Christ," and the people are bound to receive us, even as the messengers of God. In saying this, we do not exalt ourselves, "we magnify our office." The man who addresses himself to the intellect, and the most of whose efforts are to enlighten men, is a teacher. He who appeals to the passions, is an orator. But the man who by manifestation of the truth, commends himself to the conscience, is a preacher. The religious teacher may be heard with profit, and with profound respect. The pulpit orator with admiration and delight. But the preacher who speaks with authority. And the hearers do not stop at respect and admiration, they go on to conviction, and exclaim, "What shall we do?" There have been thousands of teachers in the church. Robert Hall, in the early part of his ministry, was more a pulpit orator than a preacher. A gentleman who has not under the ministry of the son, and when asked his opinion of the son, answered, he is a fine preacher, but does not preach the conscience as his father did. He was a pulpit orator. But Baxter and Bunyan and Edwards were preachers. Our fathers in the ministry were not orators; many of them were hardly instructors, but they were preachers, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. There was once a whole district of country, where the people for hundreds of years, had listened to the smooth and honeyed accents of pulpit orators. The

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